INTRODUCTORY LECTURE,

DELIVERED IN THE

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE,

On Saturday Evening, November 4, 1848.

BY

CHRISTOPHER C. COX, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY JOHN H. GIHON,

NORTH EAST CORNER OF SIXTH AND CHESNUT STREETS

1848.

Prof. CHRISTOPHER C. COX, M. D.

Dear Sir,—At a meeting of the Students of the Philadelphia College of Medicine, held in the hall of the institution, November 7th, 1848, Mr. J. J. Steele of South Carolina, was called to the chair, and Mr. G. C. Burg, of Pa, appointed Secretary. On motion, it was unanimously resolved to request a copy of your Introductory Lecture for publication, and the undersigned were appointed a Committee to carry the resolution into effect.

Respectfully yours,

N. Richards Moseley, of Penn.,
J. C. Hatheway, of N. B.,
E. de St. Romes, of La.,
John H. Alday, of W. I.,
L. W. Leighton, of N. H.,
Samuel P. Benny, of Md.,
Alexander C. Reed, of Va.,
George H. Odell, of N. H.,
W. J. Bowdoin, of Va.,
Dwight Ruggles, of Mass.,
R. P. Robson, of Ind.,
Wm. K. Campbell, of Penn.,
J. H. Tucker, of S. C.

American Hotel, November 16th, 1848.

Gentlemen:

Your polite favor requesting a copy of my lecture has been received. It gives me pleasure to comply with your wishes. At the same time allow me to offer the necessary haste attending its preparation as some apology for its numerous defects.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

CHRISTOPHER C. COX.

To Messrs. N. Richards Moseley,
J. C. Hatheway, and others,
Committee.

LECTURE.

GENTLEMEN:

The position I occupy to-night is novel, and therefore not without embarrassment. By the courtesy of the corporators, I have been invited to a participation in the duties of this flourishing institution. I stand, for the first time, in the relation of lecturer to a medical class. The faces around me are now strange, which I trust soon to regard with household familiarity and endearment. I am proud, however, to greet you, gentlemen, in the same spirit with which I have been welcomed to these halls of learning. Young, like yourselves, I hope to be one of you in all that affects your individual interests and the advancement of the glorious science upon whose pursuits you have entered. I desire to be your companion as well as instructor, to walk side by side with you in the path of improvement you may tread; to share your cares and labors, as well as the triumphs that await the termination of your academic studies. In this delightful relation the winter will pass over us robed in the hues of a cheerful summer. Pupil and teacher will have much to recall worthy of green recollection, long after the student of medicine shall have been merged into the busy practitioner, and those who share these seats scattered to their various offices of benevolent ministration in different sections of this wide spread country.

The history of medicine is not an unfit introduction to a discussion of its principles; and although the period allotted to this essay will not admit of detail, we shall furnish a rapid sketch of facts, it may be already familiar to most of you, through the writings of Bostock and others, who have so ably treated the progress of our art. In order to trace medicine to its source, we must go back to that land, now in the darkness of ignorance, which once gave science to the world. The first physicians were the Egyptian priests, who, for the sake of popularity and influence, appropriated the medical art, performing such mystical spells and incantations as appealed powerfully to the reigning superstition of the age. It was in Greece, however, whose pupils acquired the rude elements of the study on the banks of the Nile, that medicine received its first successful impetus, or became moulded into the resemblance of a science. In the history of the siege of Troy, rendered enduring as time by the pen of Homer, we find that Hector, Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon, and their strong limbed compeers, went forth to battle; armed not only with the implements of destruction, but with the means of restoration from injury to soundness, from disease to health. These heroes had knelt at the shrines both of Mars and Apollo, and, while skilled in all the arts of ancient warfare, carried into the camp the wholesome lessons of

their teacher Chiron. Æsculapius, the illustrious pupil of the famous Centaur, far eclipsed his master, and acquired for himself a reputation which burns brightly amid the more than twilight darkness of the fabulous and barbarous time in which he flourished. Honors were showered upon him from all quarters, his descent was traced from Apollo; he himself deified by his admiring countrymen, and temples arose in every part of Greece to the great god of physic. According to Diodorus Siculus, the invisible world (while he lived) ceased to be peopled with its victims, and Pluto, jealous of the number thus rescued from the grave, contrived to punish him by a summary death. How little danger, gentlemen, of such a cause terminating the life of our modern Æsculapius! How most unlike the Irish son of the lancet who *gravely* advertised his removal to the precincts of the village burial-ground, hoping the change might prove an accommodation to his numerous friends and patrons! Centuries followed the death of Æsculapius, during which the practice of medicine was confined to his descendants, the Æclepiadæ. The temples of the god of healing were the hospitals to which hundreds resorted; and the priests ministering at the altar were the physicians who treated their multiform maladies. Diet, bathing, and simple medicines, relieved doubtless, not a few; while faith, which even in our day has been found to remove mountains of disease as well as sin, proved the *magnum remedium* of the many.

The most distinguished name of antiquity in our art now claims attention. Rising like a great rock from the desert, overshadowing all around it, or a bright flame upon the waste of waters, scattering its illuminating beams upon the farthest shores, this distinguished man held rank far above his predecessors or contemporaries. A descendant of Æsculapius, brought up in the school of Heroditus, with an industry untiring in the pursuit of his favorite studies, a taste and observation improved by years of travel, he possessed a mind stored with the richest lore of that remote age. But the knowlege thus acquired failed to satisfy an intellect of such giant mould. The pillars fixed as the boundaries of human attainment, he refused to recognize: penetrating far beyond them, he expanded new vistas of light, explored untrodden regions of truth, and spurning the fetters of authority and tradition alike with the errors fostered by an ignorant and superstitious era, he stood forth in his own strength, a type of depth, power, dignity and majesty, without a parallel. Justly indeed has Hippocrates been styled the *Father of Medicine*: he was a medical philosopher in the widest sense of the term; his practice was not the result of mere speculation and hypothesis, but based upon facts deduced from careful observation and experiment, without which all theory in science falls to the ground. His written works, although extensive, have been made the subject of many spurious editions. To form some idea of the hundreds who have thought proper to play the annotator to this great physician, it is only necessary to consult the pages of Fœsius, who in his publication of 1595 has embraced probably all that is valuable in this ancient Grecian father. Of later editions of aphorisms, I have met with no work, which has afforded me more

pleasure than that of Professor Coxe of Philadelphia, a gentleman proverbial in and out of this city, for his sound critical attainments, and who, in this instance at least, has made a valuable contribution to our national medical literature. I cannot too earnestly recommend to you, gentlemen, to make yourselves familiar, as you may find means and opportunity, with the literary remains of Hippocrates. Astonishment will start up in your minds at every step. You will be surprised to find so much that you have been taught to regard as modern medicine mere reflections from the pages of this great apostle. Many profound observations of the phenomena of disease, many useful hints, many far-reaching suggestions will arrest your attention, and you cannot fail to be overwhelmed with admiration of a genius, who, amid the darkness of his age, the limited resources of the art, and the trammels of a pervading superstition, could rise superior to all of these, and call up from the deeps of his vast mind, principles of science, and stores of thought which should find a response among the thinking and reflective in all times. In the writings of Hippocrates, you will find the earliest dawn of that branch of science which we have been called upon to teach in this institution. The φυσις and δυναμεις, the different combinations of fire, earth, air, and water in the individual, producing the difference of temperament, the various conditions of atmospheric temperature affecting these elements, and producing the four cardinal fluids which constituted the primary seat of disease, furnish the first outlines of Physiology and Pathology extant; and embrace opinions still entertained by a portion of the medical world.

Passing over the names of Polybus, Diocles, Praxagoras, Draco, Thessalus, Herophilus, Erasistratus and Serapion, who were greatly distinguished in their day, we pass to C. Aurelianus, the next great light of medical science, worthy a place in that brilliant galaxy of which Hippocrates is the bright particular star. His treatises are decidedly practical, embracing chiefly the diagnosis and cure of disease. In his rigid dietetic regulations, topical depletion, and strong repugnance to purgatives, he would have made a not unfit disciple of the famed Broussais; while his eliciting treatment is quite refreshing to those who are content to await the movements of our mortal enemy, preferring to treat the monster with becoming politeness by inviting him to take his departure, rather than adopt forcible measures to eject him from the premises.

The next great name (for in a sketch so necessarily hurried, we must content ourselves with names,) was that of Celsus. His treatises are voluminous, embracing remarks upon every subject worthy of note at the time in which he lived. Physiology, Therapeutics, Pathology, Surgery, Chemistry and Pharmacy, all claim a share of his attention. His practice was for the most part bold and judicious, consisting of bleeding, general and local, the employment of purgatives, diaphoretics, &c. He was the first native Roman practitioner of medicine and surgery on record, and the most learned exponent of what was termed the Methodic sect.

After Celsus came Scribonius Largus, Andromachus, Pliny the naturalist, Dioscorides, *et multi alii*, who served to prepare the way for another name which makes a distinct era in the science of which

we treat. Highly gifted by nature Galen possessed every personal advantage. Brought up in the lap of wealth and refinement, the means he commanded of gratifying his thirst for knowledge were inexhaustible. His education was conducted upon the most liberal scale, and under the best masters; while extensive travel added largely to his store of useful information. With all these desiderata, he possessed great loftiness of purpose, and energy to carry out whatever cause he might espouse. All that could be anticipated from such advantages was more than realized. The rank which Galen holds among the great lights of our science, is second only to Hippocrates, and although no altars were erected to his memory, no sacrifices offered at his shrine, his opinions were regarded with an awe little less religious in its character, and reference to his theory and practice for a number of centuries was a sufficient argument against innovations in medicine. The literary remains of this prodigy of industry and talent amount to several hundred treatises, among which the departments of Physiology and Pathology form no inconsiderable share.

During the mediæval ages, science and literature declined together. Indeed until the ninth century no advances of note were placed on record. Rhazes the Arabian, who first described small pox and measles, and his immediate successor the accomplished and erudite Ali Abbas, deserve a passing notice.

In the tenth century, another star of the first magnitude broke through the firmament to gild the darkness which enveloped the world. Avicenna, like Galen, was educated in all the lore of the times, and exhibited an intellect not inferior to that distinguished man, in all the practical walks of the profession. He wrote most extensively upon almost every subject, and his works continued to be the standard text books in the schools of Europe, until the revival of letters. The last authors of any distinction in the Arabic language were Avenzoar and Averroes; with these ended the celebrated Arabian school of Physic.

From the twelfth to the fifteenth century, medicine became neglected like other branches, and lapsed into the most profound disrepute and insignificance. Alchemy was at this time the favorite and all absorbing pursuit of the learned, who spent often a long life time in the solitude of some subterranean laboratory, vainly seeking to transmute the baser metals into gold, or to discover some grand elixir that might ensure earthly immortality to man. Absurd as were such investigations in themselves, they nevertheless resulted in giving chemistry more the character of a science, and adding various articles of value to the pages of the Materia Medica. Albertus Magnus, Raymond Lully, and Arnoldus were distinguished in this department. In 1315 we have Professor Mondini of Bologne, who first introduced the study of human anatomy, and contemporaneously with him, Gilbert, the first English physician of any note.

The Reformation reflected its benefits upon medicine; old works were published in the original, which for many years had only been known through dishonest commentators; universities became established in most of the cities of Southern Europe, and a better

day was evidently dawning upon the world. The great discoveries of the seventeenth century are the circulation of the blood by Harvey, and the existence of the absorbents by Aselli Rudback and Barthollini. Great attention was devoted at this time to the studies of Anatomy and Physiology, and many improvements occur in the pathology and cure of disease.

It was in this era the great Sydenham flourished; a name familiar to every student of English medicine. No man can arise from the perusal of the works of this great physician, without being struck with his sagacity and shrewdness of observation and his nice adaptation of remedies to the case under treatment. Justly has he been styled the English Hippocrates. As the one shone pre-eminent among the ancients, the other may be regarded as the greatest among the moderns. Stahl and Hoffman, both professors in the university of Halle, contributed greatly by their researches in Physiology and Pathology to the advancement of our science. Stahl referred the operations of the animal economy to a specific principle styled Anima; Hoffman such phenomena to the nervous structure: the latter opinion favored the theory of *Solidism* as opposed to the long cherished Humoral Pathology. Hoffman, following in the steps of Bagliva, may be said to have contributed greatly towards the subversion of the errors which attached to the old Pathology, by arousing the medical world to the importance of a proper attention to the muscular and nervous, as well as the fluid portion of the body.

In approaching the eighteenth century, the eloquent Bostock (the order of whose narration we have closely pursued in this discourse) observes:—"We have passed over the age of mere learning, and we now enter upon that of observation and experiment. Scholastic disquisitions were completely disregarded; abstract theory was rapidly falling into disrepute, and hypotheses were no longer considered as deserving attention unless they professed to be derived from the generalization of facts. The necessary result of this state of things has been, to detach the mind from the arbitrary influence of theory, to diminish the authority of great names and to induce the enquirers after truth to rest more upon their own exertions, than upon the authority of others."

Contemporary with Stahl and Hoffman, was the celebrated Boerhave of Leyden. "There are few examples," says the Historian, "either in ancient or modern times, of any individual who arrived at higher eminence, both in general knowledge and the departments more immediately connected with the profession. His acquaintance with Botany and Chemistry were such as to enable him to teach both these sciences with the greatest success; while his lectures, and his writings on medicine, both theoretical and practical, were long considered a standard of excellence. His moral qualities were no less admirable, than his intellectual arguments; and if we add to these his elegance as a writer, his eloquence as a lecturer, and his entire devotedness to his profession, we shall be at no loss to account for the celebrity which he enjoyed during his life time, and the reputation which he left behind him." Boerhave left a number of pupils who were eminent as physicians, of whom the

most remarkable was Van Swieten, the author of the commentaries. Haller, another of his pupils, made many valuable contributions to the science of Physiology, among which the doctrines of *irritability* and *sensibility* as properties of the muscular and nervous system, with their peculiar agency in vital phenomena, are worthy of remark.

The fame of Cullen and Brown, with their peculiar views of pathology and practice, are familiar to those of you who have spent any portion of time in the study of these branches. Others attend and follow these, worthy a place in the catalogue of the learned and distinguished of our profession; of these we may mention Darwin, De-Haen, Valsalva, Morgagni, Burserius, Huxham, Stoll, Pringle, Brocklesby, Hunter, Munro, Blane, Trotter, Larrey, &c.

Coming down nearer to our own times, we have a host of names of which we may feel justly proud. Of the French; Pinel, Andral, Breschet, Bronssais, Corvisart, Cruveillier, Dupuytren, Laennec, Bayle, Louis, Chaussier, Bichat, Cuvier, Richerand, Magendie, Dumas, Dutrochet. Of the German; Blumenbach, Ludwig, Soemmoring, Meckel, Reil, Tiedeman, Wennel, Sprengel, Ackerman, Rosenmuller, Walter. Of the Italians; Scarpa, Caldani, Mascagni, Rolandi, Bellingeri, Tommassini. The present age is one of rapid advancement in the science of medicine. Colleges and Universities have greatly multiplied, where the principles of our science are faithfully and laboriously taught from year to year. Our houses of publication are groaning with volumes which daily issue from the press, pregnant with improvements and additions; and a magazine (quarterly or half yearly) embracing a periscopic view of the entire circle of medicine, finds its way to the most obscure practitioner of our western forests, equally with the professor in the crowded metropolis. The names of Diffenbach, Muller, Ricord, Velpeau, Chelius, Clutterbuck, Liebig Christison, Brodie, Liston, Hall, Johnson, Copland, Graves, Stokes, Matteucci, Golding Bird, Laycock, Clark, Simpson, Bennett and a hundred others, are only equalled by such names as thrill our American heart; as Warren, Mott, Draper, Chapman, Silliman, Pattison, Dunglison, Jackson, McClintock, Smith, Potter, Godman, Geddings, Dickson, Dudley, Beaumont, Eberle, Caldwell, Drake, Eve, Stone, Stevens, Bell, and a host besides. It is not possible in the short space of time allotted to this lecture, to do more than mention a few of the names of those who have earned a place upon the enduring scroll of medical philosophy. Each of them has been the exponent of some great principle, or added some useful improvement to the pursuit of their choice.

It is that science to which the lives and labors of such men have been consecrated, that we present to you, and for which we demand the best and noblest efforts of your youth, manhood, and riper years. It is, depend upon it, in all respects worthy your ambition, and will richly repay all the hard toil you may expend upon its acquisition. In our own department you will find increasing stores of interest. Life operating on dead matter, the functions of reproduction, sensation, motion, nutrition, excretion, respiration, with various other topics of importance, will respectively invite your curious attention. We shall watch together the dawn, the full day splendor,

and the gradual setting of the sun of existence; the growth, maturity, decay of these bodies; and pause over the cold marble, when life animates it no longer; when in the beautiful language of Scripture, "the body" (by its inevitable destiny) "must return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it." In these pursuits you will find nothing to favor scepticism, but much to confirm faith. You will be surprised to discover the nice adaptation of every thing to the wise purpose of the benevolent Contriver. Every muscle in its varied motions, every nerve in its diversified functions, in your progress towards higher attainments in physiological science, will furnish new and expanding worlds for curious investigation, until thought, wearied with its flight, folds its pinions by the throne of a great FIRST CAUSE, who sits above the universe, guiding its courses and controlling its infinite harmonies.

Allow me now, gentlemen, to enquire, whether in adopting the study of our noble profession, you have properly conceived its superior dignity, its comprehensive scope as a science, the toils and perplexities incident upon its successful practice? For what purpose have you worn the badge of the student? For what purpose been enrolled in the office of a preceptor? Why, deserting your retired homes, have you come over many miles of land and water to the institutions of this far famed and populous city? Upon your response to these questions will depend your understanding of the responsibilities you have assumed, responsibilities due your station, your friends, your country, and the cause of humanity in which you have embarked. The position you this night assume, is not one of a trifling character, but of serious moment. In the ascent of the hill of science, upon which you have entered, are no greenly shaded by-paths where you may retire to dream a morning hour; no vine covered bowers in which to refresh yourselves from the sultriness of the noon-day. If any man expects to find an Aladdin's lamp, at the rubbing of which he may command all he wishes to attain, any royal road to medical distinction which will supersede the necessity of labor, let him fling to the winds the fatal delusion. For myself, gentlemen, I know no other way of acquiring eminence in letters, save that found in the ancient and unrepealed statute of holy writ, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." You must be diligent, you must be unremitting in your habits of application, if you expect to arrive at distinction. He who fears to encounter difficulties will soon find himself conquered by them; he who boldly confronts them will find them shrinking from his touch at every step of his advancement.

> Quisquis enim duros casus virtutis amore
> Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque decusque parabit;
> At qui desidiam luxumque sequatur inertem
> Turpis inopsque simul, miserabile transiget ævum.

Let me urge upon you then, habits of close attention to your studies. With a solemn sense of the responsibilities of the profession, embrace every opportunity of improving yourselves in the science

which you are henceforward to make the business of your lives. Neglect the privileges here presented, let the conviviality of the social party, or the more seductive and dangerous fascinations of the gaming board, call you aside from the sober pursuits of your profession, and time will teach the regret of moments intended for purposes of usefulness wasted irrecoverably, thrown recklessly from you never to be recalled. It is possible, indeed, that during the period in which you are here engaged, conscience may fail to disturb your repose by a single pang of remorse; you may even go from these walls with the honors of the institution, feeling still no compunction for the manner in which you have thought fit to deceive your instructors and disgrace yourselves. But the moment of searching trial will come upon you; it will come at the bed-side of the sick, the helpless, the dying, when, perplexed and appalled, you find yourselves without resource in that solemn and trying emergency. It will come in the spectral solitude of your chamber at night, and leave you shuddering at the muttered condemnation of your act. It is not enough that you attend upon the instructions of the professor, not enough that you be found statedly in the anatomical theatre or chemical laboratory. You must withdraw from the crowd into the retiracy of your study-chamber, and there commune with your own thoughts, and ponder long and carefully the pages presented for your exploration. "O that the flower of my age," exclaims the learned Ringelbergius, "might again return! what hopes would stimulate me to exertion! what ardor would glow within my breast! But alas, even while I have been indulging in vain wishes, the time has passed away. Let me then exhort you, as you hope not to live without honor, nor to die without remembrance, cheerfully to submit to labor. Seek it, let the soul pant after it—rush fearlessly upon it. Fortitude and perseverance will conquer all things."

I need hardly affirm that the improvement of the mind, under all circumstances is essentially man's duty. It is an obligation intrinsic, superlative and admitting of no debate. "Taking it for granted," says Burke, "that I do not write to the disciples of the Parisian philosophy, I may assume that the awful Author of our being is the author of our place in the order of existence; and that being disposed and marshalled by a divine tactic, not according to our will, but according to his, he has in and by that disposition naturally subjected us to act the part assigned us. We have obligations to mankind at large which are not in consequence of any special voluntary pact. They arise from the relation of man to man, and the relations of man to God, which relations are not matters of choice. On the contrary, the force of all the pacts which we enter into with any particular person or number of persons among mankind, depends upon those prior obligations."

But improvement is not a mere subject of *obligation*; it is one also of *privilege*. Our duties and real pleasures are here parallel; sound intellectual exercise is enjoyment to him indulging it. Varied and extensive attainments in literature and science furnish an assemblage of pure gratifications, of which the ignorant know nothing.

Again, gentlemen, learning will furnish you *power*. We know

there is a spirit abroad which would ridicule the attainment of learning; we know that ignorance is becoming a boast; that empirics of mushroom growth demand loudly the public confidence to their quack-cure-alls; that science is in many places, in the hands of the apprentice rather than the master; that the Gordian knot of abstract philosophy, instead of being patiently unravelled, is cut through by a single stroke. I know that every department of science and belle-lettres is marked by that upstart sciolism, characteristic of the age. Stoop not, gentlemen, to the popular voice; lend no encouragement to this dangerous spirit of the times. Fearlessly resist the assaults of error, maintain under all circumstances the dignity of professional learning; and you will force the respect which may at first be grudgingly tendered. You will possess a power, which appropriately directed no violence can wrest from your hands; a power to which ignorance will at length succumb, and from which impudence will shrink back terrified and confounded. Sooner or later will the hour of triumph come to you, and you will have the proud satisfaction to find yourselves moulding the public will, which before loudly demanded acquiescence in its unblushing dictates. In the acquisition of learning be independent; pin your opinions to the sleeve of no mere dogmatist; think, reason, reflect for yourselves. Scorn to be a slice of any man's mind; but gather your own resources together, and strike out some bold and startling path to fame and fortune in your profession. In this way will your influence be felt during life, and your name survive the shroud and the coffin.

Gentlemen, I feel that you have selected a noble profession. True, it has its cares and vicissitudes, and these may be said to be peculiar; yet is it a lofty, a sublime calling. To do good is emphatically the object of our profession; and what object more glorious, more God-like? Cultivate a spirit of comprehensive benevolence towards your fellow men; and I urge this the more strongly, because, from the very nature of our pursuits, the impression has gone forth that the sensibilities of the heart, from constant contact with scenes of pain and suffering, must become to no small extent, deprived of their original acuteness; nor has the charge been withheld by those who have witnessed the apparent *nonchalance* with which the surgeon has buried the healing steel into the morbid mass of flesh and blood, or the coolness and precision with which the physician has deported himself in moments of emergency and alarm. Little, gentlemen, do such persons know of the private trials of those whom they so recklessly accuse. They distinguish not between the manners essential to success in the chamber of affliction, and the sympathies and sorrows which too often wring the pillow of the upright practitioner. How often, alas, is the character of our profession thus grossly misunderstood by those who are the recipients of its hard earned skill and unremitting attention!

I need not say to you, gentlemen, that all your acquirements in the field of learning spreading out before you, should be in strict obedience to the pure dictates of morality. It is the more necessary, now that you are separated from the salutary restraints of home, and exposed to the dangerous vortices of a great city, that you

should study to entrench yourselves in the panoply of sound, wholesome, safe, moral principle. Without it you will fail to comprehend as you ought, your duties to your God, and fellow man; and you will fail of those sublime moral bearings and inducements (embracing as they do, aims which look beyond life) which must ever inspire to great and lofty actions. Forget the christian relation you bear to your neighbors, and you sink the dignity and glory of your pursuits; your philosophy becomes a scheme of refined selfishness; your profession an instrument of disgraceful self-aggrandizement; and your ambition, instead of the noble direction of a mind under proper sense of moral obligation, a wild and turbulent madness which will wear down the frame, too delicate for its assaults, and leave the spirit wrecked upon the shores of its own folly. The time has come when character is essential to success to man in every walk of life. If he claim a place among the *literati*, his pages will be anxiously scanned, not only for the splendors of thought, but the qualities of affection. If a professional aspirant, his transactions with his fellow-man will be closely scrutinized, and the slightest deviation from honor and rectitude branded with the impress of eternal reprobation.

With all these qualities, you must study to be *practical*. This is emphatically a practical age. Speculations in science are dangerous speculations. You must study, but you must learn to apply your knowledge; otherwise you are one thing in your closet and another in the busy scenes of life; a scholar in the library, but a fool in the world. Practical mastery is your polar guide. Exchange it for any thing else, lift a finger against it, and you are ruined. Your years are not to be spent solely over the pages of an Hippocrates, a Galen, a Hoffman, or a Broussais. You are to *practice* your profession. The educated physician must be practical or nothing.

Finally, gentlemen, whatever you do, do diligently, do now. At your period of life I need hardly call in review before you the changes of time which are hurrying you rapidly forward to the grave. Throw back the flood tide of your recollections and let them linger for a moment around the scenes of your earlier years. Where are the cherished scenes which hallowed the home of your boyhood? Where the familiar faces of father, mother, sister and brother which once greeted you with smiles upon the threshold or beside the family hearth-stone? Where the voices which once echoed in the halls of your forefathers? Where the happy hearts that beat in harmony with the lute and merry-making? Silence and decay brood over the ruins of a once happy home, and the voices of the dead whisper in the rustling grass, which overgrows their resting-places in the quiet churchyard! Compare yourselves with the past. Where and what are you? A few years have made sad changes here. A chilling hand has frozen the warm out-gushings of a young heart, and time has woven a thread of care upon the polished and unruffled brow of childhood. A part of your existence is already gone. Still receding on the shores of wasted life, the years that are past will return to you never. A few more seasons will be added to your lives, and

you must then give way for the throngs that are pressing on through the dim future to supply your places.

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

The importance of these solemn reflections I would press home upon the very threshold of your pursuits. They demand action, instant, immediate. Time, on his restless pinion, will stay not for your idleness. Soon your epitaphs shall be written, and the long green grass wave over your vanished hopes and spent desires, the monuments alike of your folly and of your shame!

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime—
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

I have heard it said that the late Captain Walker, after forming in the city of Baltimore the gallant band of mounted riflemen at whose head he subsequently fell, drew them up in line before him, and pointing out the perils of the camp, and picturing the toil and exposure incident upon a soldier's life, desired such as were unwilling to encounter these conditions to step from the ranks and retire to their homes. In that company were those, who, reared in the lap of wealth and luxury, knew nothing of the dangers and difficulties of which the chivalrous officer had so eloquently spoken. Yet was the long line unbroken; not a muscle stirred; not a form stepped into the arena. Under every gilded vest beat the warm heart of an American soldier. They went forth, and although the Mexican bullet found the heart of their chief, and one and another fell upon

the plains and in the mountain gorges, to rise no more, the remnant returned with the green bays of victory encircling their brows, and the plaudits of a grateful country echoing in their ears. In like manner I might array you, gentlemen, before me to-night; hold up to you the difficulties of the path upon which you have just entered; the dangers of the cloud-covered future spreading far before you; and in view of the scenes of exposure through which you are destined to pass, the Alpine obstructions which crowd the avenues to success, I might also request such as are not prepared for the conflict to leave these seats and go back to their homes. The same silent energy, the same determined glance, the same unblanched cheek, would, I am confident, be the response to such a demand. I feel, gentlemen, that you will, each and every one of you, be true to the great interests which have assembled you within these halls; that, urged by a solemn sense of your responsibilities, you will nobly persevere. I address you not simply as competitors for college honors. I believe you have aims higher, nobler, than the security of a perishing scrip of parchment at the hands of this faculty. I trust you will carry into life a lofty ambition, spurning every thing short of that exalted station, guarantied by the true dignity and glory of our profession. God speed you in a career so elevated and elevating! In adversity and struggle, in difficulty and misfortune, undismayed and strong in bright and cheering hope, may your path be that of our own proud bird of the mountain,

"Onward and upward, and true to the line!"

I cannot close, gentlemen, without congratulating you on the favorable auspices under which as students of medicine you are placed. It would ill become me to speak disparagingly of the schools already in existence in this city. They are each and all of them under the guidance of able and judicious men, and deserve well of the community. But we may be allowed to point with peculiar pride and gratification to our own young and flourishing institution, which, like the cradled Hercules, is abundantly able to defend itself from whatever may threaten to arrest its growth. We have, it is true, no far-reaching antiquity to boast of; no long line of worthies laying the foundation of our school in a remote century. Thank God! we have to offer what is better than all these—present energy—high aims—firm resolves—and bright and cheering prospects for the future. A long line of ancestors may serve to bolster up the decay of infirm age and worn out decrepitude; but the strong heart of youth, with the broad field of successful labor before it, needs no such aid. The Philadelphia College of Medicine like a good, honest, sturdy republican, stands on its own resources, and expects to shape its own fortunes and fame. In the bold and gallant motto of the old warrior of Buena Vista—it "asks no favors, and shrinks from no responsibilities!"

Our gallant barque has been out, gentlemen, upon the broad deep, riding surge and billow fearlessly, and manfully breasting the broadsides with which her enemies have thought proper to greet her pro-

gress. At times, it might almost have been supposed, from the clouds of smoke which enveloped her, that she had been blotted from the face of the waters; but when the clouds began to roll away, a peak has been visible here, a mast-head there, and far away a part of the broad keel; until now, that the sky holds no vapor, and the echoes of the guns are heard far in the distance, she stands proudly relieved, her white sails swelling to the breeze, her cordage rattling over her busy deck, her prow dashing the golden ripples from its path; and we have nothing to do but to place our well-tried Palinurus at the helm, nail our flag to the top-mast, and ride proudly and triumphantly forward into the glittering portals of success!

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE,

FIFTH, SOUTH OF WALNUT STREET.

The Regular Summer Course of instruction will be commenced about the 12th of March, 1849, and be continued four months, by the following faculty:

Anatomy,	James McClintock, M. D. S. R. McClintock, M. D., Adj. Prof.
Materia Medica and Therapeutics,	Rush Van Dyke, M. D.
Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence,	Christopher C. Cox, M. D.
Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children,	Charles A. Savory, M. D.
Chemistry,	A. L. Kennedy, M. D.
Surgery,	James McClintock, M, D.
Comparative Anatomy,	M. W. Dickerson, M. D.
Theory and Practice,	Henry Gibbons, M. D.
Prosector of Surgery,	Richard Burr, M. D.

Fee for the full Course,	$ 84 00
Matriculation Fee, only once paid,	5 00
Graduation,	30 00
Fee for those who have attended two full Courses in other Colleges,	45 00
Dissecting ticket, (optional,)	10 00
Perpetual Ticket,	150 00

The fee for the respective Tickets may be paid to each member of Faculty, or the whole amount may be paid to the Dean, who will issue a certificate which will entitle the student to the ticket of each Professor.

To increase the means of acquiring a practical knowledge, of the profession, full course candidates for graduation will be furnished with the Hospital ticket without charge; in addition to which Clinical instruction will be given at the College from twelve to two o'clock on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Course in practical Anatomy will be commenced on the 1st of March, and be continued as long as the weather will permit. During the Session a recapitulatory course of Lectures will be given by the Adjunct Professor of Anatomy.

For further information inquire of

JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., Dean,
No. 1 N. Eleventh Street, east side, first house north of Market St.

Philadelphia, December, 1848.